THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY,

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All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

Mrs. MARY B. BIRDSALL,

Editor and Proprietor.

For the Lily.

Fold me Closely.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

"Fold me closely to thy bosom,
For the night is falling fast,
And the shadow of its mantle
On my fainting heart is cast.

"Fold me closely, for a whisper—
Such as few may live and hear,
Such as each must hear, however,
Falls upon my failing ear.

"Fold me closely to thy bosom;
Let my pillow be thy breast;
Let me slumber there a moment,
Ere I take my final rest.

"Nearer comes the fatal shadow,—
Farther goes the light of day;
Is it thus the parting spirit
Plumes its wings to fly away?

There was weeping, there was wailing
As a sad funereal train
Wended slowly down a valley
To a sad and solemn strain.

In the shadow of the Chapel,
"Dust to dust," the pastor said;
And the words of woe and sorrow
Echoed back from hearts that bled.

Vacant chair, and unheard foot-fall
Mock us as we sit and weep,
That the young, the fair, the loving
Should thus early fall asleep.

HARLEM, N. Y., 1856.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.---A correspondent of the Transcript gives the following:

"About five years since, as my son, a lad of nine years, was returning from school, a gentleman alighted from his carriage and presented him with a book of intrinsic worth, and with a few woods at so doing, passed on. We have always thought it an uncommon incident until this day, which has brought to light the donor, and we marvel. My wife having purchased the writings of the late Amos Lawrence, on the first opening of the work by my son, he at once recognized, in the likeness of Mr. Lawrence, the donor, and exclaimed, "that is the man who gave me the book."

For The Lily.

LUCY STONE.

This noble woman has visited our city. Four consecutive evenings she stood before us, and in her own unsurpassed beauty of style, in her own strength and purity, spoke *earnest, living* truths.

The first evening her subject was Female Education, the next the disastrous results of early marriages. Sabbath evening, her lecture was on the Bible position of Woman, and on Monday evening, the legal disabilities of woman.

None but those unfortunate ones, who "will not see," could have failed to discover clearly, woman's position, as it is, and as it should be.

We could wish to have garnered all her words, and presented them to the readers of the Lily, but because of the rapidity of her speech, and the slowless of our pencil, we can offer only a small portion of the last two lectures, which we gathered for you.

She said she had found upon reading the Bible in the original that our translations were exceedingly in man-ish. She asked that the same deference be shown to her translations, as to other translatiors. When the first man and woman were created, before any texts were written, the same rights existed as now. That *truth* is *true*, whether there be any Bible or not. In childhood was taught to obey the Bible, but had a great dislike to it, because the unjust differences in the position of man and woman were referred to scripture.—Attributed this dislike to the total depravity of her nature--longed for the time when she could read it in the original language.

Said the passage, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee," is a prophecy, and not a command. That *shall* is the form of future time, and that it might have been rendered, thy desire *will* be, etc. The prophecy has been too surely fulfilled. Again, "Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow."

Adam obeyed the command, and by a slow toiling process earned his bread. But now, instead of turning the furrow by hand, as then, we have implements to lighten the labor. Instead of grinding the corn by hand, we have the mighty force of machinery. And who thinks of finding fault with man, because he thus lightens labor.—Because, indeed, he is passing out from under the law. If the curse is passing away in this case, why should it not in the other? In the giving of the ten commandments, not the slightest difference is made between man and woman—they are given to both alike. So degraded has woman ever been with the Jews, that even now, the Jew stands once a year, wherever he may be, and thanks God that he is not a woman.

Referring to St. Paul's writings, she said that he stood head and shoulders above any man of his time. That we must make him consistent with himself.

Speaking of the arguments drawn from the Bible to terrify the women, she very aptly gave the illustration of the painter, who in executing a contest between a man and a lion, represents the man as victorious. The lion seeing it, remarked that had he been the painter, the picture would not have looked so. So when we women come to read the Bible in the original, the picture would not have looked so. Says the human soul is grander than any text.

The exhortation to women to cover the head, was given because those that went with the head uncovered were abandoned women.

"It is a shame for a woman to speak in the church." She remarked of this text, that it might be rendered, it is a shame for a woman to gabble or prattle, etc. That under the Jewish law they were oppressed to the last degree, and when under the new dispensation liberty was given them, they were so delighted that they talked too much and gabbled. Hence the necessity of the text.

"I suffer not a woman to teach," says St. Paul. But it is not now considered a shame for one to teach, provided she will *teach cheap*. They were so ignorant as to be unfit to teach. Would St. Paul say to Harriet Martineau now, it is a shame for you to teach?

"Wives submit," etc. But shall we dodge this text? No. If this text is still in force, so is the one that requires us to obey the king, and those of us who live from under kingly power, are as great transgressors as the wife who attempts to be her own guide. If one passage is outgrown, why should not the other be? The human soul is a growth, and what is fit for it in one age, is not in another. The soul is too large to wear the garment it wore 200 years ago. If we plant an acorn in a tumbler, the oak must wither, or the tumbler burst. It was said by one greater than Paul, "call no man your master but one," etc.

Paul was speaking in view of the wants of the people at that time; but Paul estimates the love that the husband should bear to his wife, as such that he should lay down his life for her.

She says, when we become Christians all these questions will be settled, because we shall be willing to do unto others as we would that they should do to us. And as a Christian, the husband will not require her to do what he will not do, for the noble soul scorns to *rule* as well as to *be ruled*.—Where is the man that would even submit himself to be ruled by the angel Gabriel? If so, he is *less* than a man.

We only ask that woman may be co-sovereign with man—educationally, socially, governmentally—then calm and clear as the morning shall be the life of both. Planted upon the golden rule, as a rock amid the sea, the storms of life may dash around like breakers; and the error may beat like the surging billows, but firm in the truth they stand, knowing that whatever conflicts with that text, cannot be true, for no truths disagree.

Out of misrepresentations of texts of scripture, comes the most pitiable consequences to woman. It cripples woman's brain. The Chinese customs bandage the feet of woman to make them small—ours, bind up the *mind* of woman, and small minds are the result.

I shall never forget the wild pain that burst upon my early girlhood, when I raised my hand in church meeting to vote upon the subject of anti-slavery. As the votes were counted, the minister directed that my hand should not be counted.—Why, said the man, is she not a member? Yes, replied the pastor, but not a *voting* member. We were in the church as hewers of wood and drawers of water.

It is just as impossible to keep old customs, as to keep the husks on last year's corn. The young thought needs not to wear the iron shirt dug from the dust of Judea's grave-yard. We may look for inspiration now, as well as in olden times. The owls and bats will have to flee, for light is sure to come.

There is no need to fear that the world will come to ruin because we change its customs, for where the old leaf falls of, a new bud is sent, and made richer, by the greenness of the old. So with new beauties in society. The sunshine and rain drops of truth will give new beauty to every feature of society. Then let woman be bold to trample on injustice, on every law and creed that stands in the way of the growth of God's truth.

Whatever comes in conflict with the Golden Rule, and proves humanity to be less, and human rights to be less, boldly crush it under foot. Ask what will fit me for the noblest uses here, find it, and then cry Eternal life! By the might of right we will change old customs, and plant truth upon the grave of error. Who stands alone with the right, need not fear, for one with God is a majority. No error outlives its time, but is mastered by a newer and more sublime faith.

Old Gallileo was accused of being an infidel, because of his new discovered truths. So will woman be, but she must be willing to suffer, even upon the rack, for the sake of truth. An infidel is one who is false to the right; the world is full of infidels.

Her closing remarks were strong and worthy of herself. She appealed to woman to be noble and act fearless, true and brave. Said when a power was given you, it was given for use, and *dare* to use it.

On Monday evening, Lucy Stone spoke to a crowded audience upon the Legal Disabilities of Woman.

In consequence of the confusion occasioned by the crowd that continued to pour in, until every aisle was filled, we lost a part of her introductory remarks, but we caught these true words: that when our fathers proclaimed liberty, equality and justice to *every man*, they were but words on their lips.

When the excited French cried equality and justice, they were little else than idle words floating on the air, for when those two noble French women dared to echo the words, and show their force and bearing, they were thrown into prison. One died in her cell, the other yearly sends to us from across the water, messages of truth and liberty.

Do not know that the world of men mean to be unjust to women, but certain it is they are unjust. In our land, where we profess more freedom and equality than any other nation, woman is far more obscure than in other nations. The right to distinctions, to nobility and titles, as in Europe, is not even awarded. The aristocracy of the Old World is supplanted by the odious aristocracy of sex, thus actually denying the beautiful truth of universal freedom and equality.

When the laws were so changed in Wisconsin that negroes could vote, it was said that Wisconsin was demonstrating the principle of universal suffrage.

Again: Talleyrand, writing upon America, said that all but negroes enjoyed the right of suffrage.

What a strange affirmation, that a half is equal to the whole! It is humiliating in the extreme, that so great a nation as these United States of America, should so trample upon the glorious sunlight of truth. While the wide Atlantic, with its surging billows, chants the grand truths of liberty and right, and the Pacific's pulse beats back a glorious response.

The leaving out of a single principle of the broad platform of equality, is like leaving out a wheel in machinery—it is incomplete. It is *personally* humiliating to see truths so ennobling and sublime, disregarded—to have the highest aspirations of our natures restrained by prejudice and false customs, and our identity as individuals unrecognized.

We come to ask of you one of two things. We ask you to take the Declaration of Independence, and to those clauses which proclaim liberty, equality and right, inalienable—that you add (except women,) and that all, and then with it thus mutilated, hang it up in your halls. Ring the same bell of liberty over its deformed figure. Either do this, or square your practice by it. Not let it longer be to us like Tantallus cup.

Rather live under absolute monarchy than be mocked by the idea of just government, when it exists *but in name*. Have seen men go where decency never enters, bring out the reeling inebriate, put a vote into his hand, which he deposits in the ballot box. And then when *we* ask to vote, are coolly told, "we do not know enough." Have seen the man who is too ignorant to read, and in judgment but little above the ox that grazes the field, deposit his vote in the ballot-box, and again we are coolly told, "*we* do not know enough. Then you say we are contented—that we have all the rights we want Is it not an insult?

What lies in the public mind why women should not vote? There is a shadowy something, that politics is corrupt. If it be true, the argument is just as good against men as women. Will there be an excuse for the man that goes to God with his soul all stained with sin, all corrupted with politics, because *he is a man*? No.

Again: the argument is urged that it will produce discord and disorder in the family relation. But *order* is one thing, and *harmony* another. The husband and wife may be in true harmony with each other, and still honestly differ in religious belief. One may be a Presbyterian, another a Methodist—may attend different churches, and there is neither discord nor disorder at home. Thus may it be in polities. The man who first suggested the idea of discord, had a heart full of it, and knew nothing of the grandeur of harmony.

In the selection of a wife, if the young man will frankly acknowledge his soul so narrow that he will never allow her to hold an opinion different from his, then if she chooses to marry him, let her abide the consequences.

The question is asked, who will attend to the children and home duties, if women should be elected to Congress? The maternal duties are the highest and holiest, and not only that, but the dearest ties and obligations, that can devolve upon a woman, and no mother will leave her children to go to Congress. But suppose that her children have grown beyond her special care, and need it no longer, why can she not then attend to governmental affairs? Because Mary Ann Jones has a baby, shall not Lucretia Mott go to Congress?

Lucy then dwelt with force upon the argument that one person cannot legislate for another—and that women are tax-payers also, are made amenable to laws which they have no part in making, by being tried in courts.

Speaking of the ceremony of marriage, in which the woman promises to love, serve and obey, she advises the women to decline making such vows. She cites to the instance of Mrs. George Bancroft, mother of the historian, who, when she was asked if she would "obey this man," promptly responded, "No, I wont, for no man shall be my master!" The minister thinking himself insulted, refused to proceed with the ceremony, but the husband elect, interposed and assured him that he had selected a wife that could govern herself. The father, too, declaring his daughter to be a rational, sensible girl, the ceremony was concluded. During marriage, the legal existence of the woman is suspended. She then very aptly told us how a man was usually suspended—*Hung up by the neck.*

That woman by marrying, becomes so merged in her husband that it not only marks her through life, but follows her to the grave, and her tombstone records the fact that here lies a relict of another individual, an item of a man. The law gives the power to the husband of using coercion, if necessary, over the wife. It says he may govern her by gentle restraint." What is, or may be this gentle restraint? Why, he may lead her to a chamber, lock her up, put the key in his pocket, and give her food when she *needs* it. You say no one will descend to take such measures, but why are you willing to allow a law upon your statutes that you scorn to use. But they say the husband and wife are one—that they are as one person.—But is this true? The husband is just as hungry as though the wife had not eaten. When they go upon the railroad together, two tickets are bought—there the unity is not recognized. And if this be so, the husband ought to be hung when the wife commits murder.

Referring to the dependence of the wife upon the husband for money, she said that it is a child-like dependence, especially where the old laws are still in force. When the woman who had brought her husband quite a sum of money, asked him for money, he demanded of her what she had done with the 25c. that he gave her last week. Another, asking for a dime, was handed a shilling, and was required to give back the two cents—her dowry at marriage being $3,000. These things make her feel like a child—robs her of the dignity of her womanhood. Said one woman, on being asked how she managed to have a plenty of spending money, "I hook eggs, butter and cheese from the house when my husband does not know it"

A woman whose personal property was $40,000, wished to make a disposal of it by will, and had entreated her husband for years to sign his name to the deed, without success, looked him very candidly in the face, and said, "I really hope I shall live one half hour longer than my husband." So you see, said Lucy, that your laws make women wish their husbands dead.

Indiana places women on a level with criminals.

"We are contented," says the world. *We* don't like it, because the strong hand of man is upon us

She related with great effect a case of a woman with a sick child, that had toiled early and late to obtain money that she might take her child to the sea-side, that its health might be restored—the "last hope," her physician said. Sixty dollars was the amount she was to obtain, and the night before she was to have received the amount, her drunken husband went to her employer, and demanded her wages. Through fear, the man gave up the money, and her protector, her lord and husband spent it all that night in paying debts previously contracted for rum. Late in the night the woman toiled to finish the last piece of work, and pack her wardrobe for the next day's journey; then with a joyous heart set out the next morning for the money—the price of her child's life. Lucy Stone's words, or a mother's heart can finish the picture, but I cannot. Suffice to say, that she could not earn enough money again.

When Lucy spoke of the fact that a mother has no legal right to her child. Her moving eloquence touched a sacred chord in every heart. Would that I could pen the thoughts precisely in her own words. But even then—it would lack that fascinating power of her voice, so irresistibly sweet and powerful. Its melody has lingered around my heart ever since I first heard its tones, like a magic spell, and I only wish that it might reach the ear of the nation—when I am sure its stubborn heart would relent.

She illustrated the principle by a case that occurred, I think, in one of the Eastern States. Consumption had fastened its relentless grasp upon the father of a beautiful girl of four or five summers. Thinking he would soon die, he sent for his brother in a distant city. His brother came, saw the sprightly, dancing child, and coveted her. Sitting by the bedside of his brother, he said to him, "Give your beautiful daughter to me—your wife is young and handsome, will marry again after you are gone, and as I have every luxury and comfort with which her beautiful nature should be surrounded, brother, give her to me."

"Oh! I cannot," said the dying man; my wife would never consent to it, for she is her only treasure, and her life is bound up in her child—besides it is all that will be left her of me. Indeed I cannot think of it!

"But do you not know," said his brother, that you can do it without her knowledge? and then the wicked man told her of the abuse and neglect that might follow the second marriage, of the probable unkindness of a step-father, until he so wrought upon the diseased imagination of the sick man, that he yielded—the writings were drawn up and signed without the mother's knowledge. The crafty uncle then won the child's affections over to him during the remainder of his stay, and when the time came for him to go home, he asked the mother's permission to have the child accompany him. All unsuspecting, she consented—packed its little wardrobe, and the child went. In two weeks

afterward, the father died, and as the wife sat in her desolation beside the corpse of her husband, she thought of her absent child, and sent immediately for her. The uncle returned an answer that he should not only refuse to bring her home, but that the child was his by legal right. Shocked, and still unbelieving, as soon as she saw the grave close over her husband, she went to her child.—The uncle persisted in his right, and on her knees she prayed that he would give her up. But she asked in vain—he produced the title papers, and when she saw the unmistakable hand-writing, her husband's name—she then turned to law as the last and only hope. There where Justice ? rules, the child was given to the uncle. Because the father was of sound mind when he gave away the child, and because the law decrees his right thus to do. The mother became a raving maniac!

All ye that know more of cold philosophy, that all-inspiring love, may pronounce this RIGHT. But to mothers, allow me to ask, have you all the rights you want.

Referring to the fear that many express that woman will obtain the balance of power, Lucy said that she should enjoy a co-sovereignty with man—that woman could no more make laws for man, than man for woman—that either acting without the other, would necessarily be unjust.

She said that woman is either a trifler or a drudge, but when she is acknowledged as an equal, in all things, when she can gather knowledge from every source, it will not only fit her for a companion meet for man, but it will make her a careful mother, and will be fitted to fulfil those duties which devolved upon her when God wrote the word maternity upon her soul.

She appealed to the ladies to circulate petitions to send to the Indiana Legislature, asking to have the laws so changed that woman can vote—said that she who would be free, must strike the blow.

As near as I could cull from memory and my half-written notes, I have copied Lucy's thoughts; but if I have misrepresented a single thought, it was because I failed to comprehend, and to her I offer my apologies and regrets.

That she has sowed good seed in this city, there is not a shadow of doubt, and that it may spring up and bear abundant fruit—yea, even a thousand fold, is my earnest prayer. M. W. B.

For the Lily.

DEAR READERS:—The subject on which I am about to address you is one which requires the careful consideration of every *well meaning citizen*, both man and woman, boy and girl, young and old, throughout this extensive republic.

I am a total stranger to you even by name, (but as it is our duty to lend a helping hand in the great struggle for reform,) that becomes a small difference in addressing you. The subject is Intemperance; and when we view the evils resulting from this passion, or rather *demon*, we cannot help shuddering at the idea.

Any man or woman in a sane mind would recoil with horror at the idea of suicide, yet does not the *drunkard* commit suicide by eternally inhaling the poisonous contents of the "flowing bowl." I have said that I am, comparatively speaking, a stranger to you, because I had not the good fortune to be born on American soil. No, dear reader, the deep blue waves of the Atlantic divide me from my friends and the "land of my birth." I was raised in a land where intemperance has long been the ruling evil, where the widow's moan and the tears of the fatherless orphan have often but too plainly told that the destroyer (whisky) had done his work, and left lovely, unoffending woman the sufferer. But, alas! the misery does not end with her; the affectionate children of her love are left a burden on society, or outcasts on a cold and heartless world.

"Father of the fatherless pity the orphan's woes."

So far I speak from what I have often witnessed. I thought on leaving Ireland I left such scenes far in the distance, and as our gallant ship proudly buffeted the roaring billows, and steered her course to "Columbia's shore," surely I said that in free and enlightened America intemperance must lie far beneath the aspirations of its inhabitants, and as our gallant ship yielded to the experienced and stalwart arm that stood at the helm, my heart glowed with exultation never known to me before. For

"Firmly she moved and slow,
Even in her very motion there was rest;
Whilst every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted us safely to the beauteous West."

But consider my surprise on arriving at New Orleans, on Sunday morning, November 28th, 1854, to behold the *Coffee Houses* nearly all full of whisky drinkers, card, dice players, &c., and all employed in their own sphere of infamy.

I did not think the laws of the Constitution allowed an open violation of the Sabbath, but when I understood that in Lousiana, a traffic in *human blood!* is authorized by those same laws, I was no longer at a loss to comprehend the reason why they allowed the keepers of whisky shops to deal out their poisons on the Sabbath. I was not surprised I say when they set at defiance the words of "the most High," in one respect, that they do so in every other manner; when they forget that He hath said, in Exodus, 21:16:—"He that stealeth his fellow man, and maketh a merchandize of him, that thief shall die." I am not surprised that they should also forget, or seem to forget, that he has said that "The drunkard shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven." Nor is it to be wondered that a drunkard should be banished from the company of angels, that he should not be fit to enter into that sanctuary, where all is purity, innocence and love, for our Lord and Master. I ask, who amongst you would cultivate the society of a drunkard? The man who sets at defiance the anathema of Heaven? The man who so far debases himself as to be unfit for any society here unless the brutes? The man who trifles not only with his own life, but with the lives and happiness of those dependent upon him for support?

Alas! that moral degradation should ever arrive at such an awful crisis, that man, the lord of creation, the glory of God, endowed with discretion and judgment, and reason to know right from wrong, should become so debased as to blot out that line of demarcation (reason) placed between man and brute; and not only in some cases become more miserable than one of the meanest of the brute creation, but very often more contemptible. The soldier on the battle field sometimes closes his eyes that he may not behold some fellow man swept out of life by one of those missiles of death that fly around him like hail. Why does the drunkard, day after day, rush precipitately, and with eyes wide open, to inevitable death?

Oh, intemperance! how long shalt thou curse the soil; how long, my dear readers, (the time it has ruled is already too long) shall men continue without making one grand effort and throw off the chains of the base *demon?* I answer that as soon as woman gets her rights. Then the sun of intemperance, riot and slavery shall set never to rise more. Woman armed with the powers of law, would soon rid society of drunkards, gamblers and rowdies. Slavery, the demon next akin to intemperance, would flee before her natural clemency like the twilight fog before the rays of the morning sun.

That the drunkard violates the law of God is visible, and when he does so he is fit to commit any other crime, no matter how repugnant to human nature.

"Thou shalt worship nothing that is made by man." My dear readers I leave you to judge which the drunkard loves best, God or whisky.

"Thou shalt not take the name of thy God in vain." Does the drunkard obey that commandment. No; his delight is in imprecations and profane words.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Does the drunkard obey that commandment. Far from it. He spends the day in drinking the cursed poison, profaning the name of the Lord; is changed to a *fiend*, and comes home at night a disgrace to society, and in a more contemptible appearance than a brute.

"Honor thy father and thy mother." If the drunkard obeys this commandment, I don't know the meaning of morality. "Thou shalt not kill." Oh! my dear readers, I would fain drop the vail of oblivion over the awful crime of murder, but, alas! there are too many sad examples furnished by the annals of history, to hide it from the view of a scrutinizing and thinking world. The drunkard not only kills himself, but in nine cases out of ten, the midnight assassin is under the influence of whiskey when he commits the awful deed. "Thou shalt not steal." The drunkard not only robs himself, but when his funds are exhausted, he resorts to the highway, and there extorts sufficient from peaceful society to pursue his dreadful career, and very often adds murder to his already guilty conscience, and so goes on until he graces the scaffold, swung between the "earth and sky until he is dead." As nothing can show the misery of intemperance in a stronger light, than a contrast with its opponent, temperance, I will endeavor to make the comparison.

The temperate man rises with the morning dawn, and with a cheerful heart and florid complexion goes to his daily labor. The drunkard rises after a short and unrefreshing sleep, and a countenance flushed, but not the glow of health, he goes to his daily vocation (the dram shop) plagued with the head-ache, breast-ache, and all the other aches that daily attend the drunkard.

The temperate man returns to his home in the evening to cheer and comfort his family, rather invigorated than exhausted by the ordinary occupations of the day. He is greeted by the smiles of his partner and the caress of his "prattling little ones." Not so with the drunkard. His poor, heart-broken partner wishes him home, yet dreads his approach, as if often the case, she has endured in silence the brutal treatment of a drunken husband, his children flee from him as from a rattle snake.

"No children run to greet him at return,
Or climb his knee the kiss to share."

Alas! dear readers, no such happiness awaits the drunkard. The temperate man lives to a green old age, beloved and respected by all around him, and goes to the grave calmly, peacefully and naturally, followed by the blessings of his friends, and the heart-breaking and affectionate sighs and tears of a a loving family. Not so with the drunkard. He digs for himself an untimely grave, and leaves society. "Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

I shall now conclude, my dear readers, by wishing from my heart, the cause of temperance and *Woman's Rights*, success, and subscribe myself, Devotedly yours.

New Westville, O. J. T. M.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., FEBRUARY 15, 1856.

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REQUESTS.

Will Rachael Lanphear, (Brunswick, Medina county, O.,) do us the favor to use her influence to secure The Lily some readers in her neighborhood?

Will Sarah Stock, Weymouth, Medina co., O., do the same kindness for us in her neighborhood?

Mrs. Emma R. Coe can be addressed at Yellow Springs, O. We have forwarded her the invitations sent to us for her.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. Etty Adams.—Thanks. Last year we had our first life trials. None can know how deep they were.

Celynda B. Grandy, Cardington, Ohio, has proven herself one of our most steadfast friends. Ever ready to work for the interests of woman, she is one of the few never forgetting and practical patrons that it would be hard to do without.—We have just forwarded to her a prettily bound copy of H. B. Stowe's "May Flower," which she will please accept as a surety of our kindly feelings towards her.

Willie Edgar Pabor.—We would weave a wreath of odorous flowers, perennial, for the brow of this our friend of poesy. His thoughts are poetry, and their gentle music is like the murmur of the zephyr mid the leaves of summer time, or the brooklet's voice, "I come."

Adelgirtha Russell.—The list and the five dollars came safely to hand. We feel exceedingly gratified by your sisterly remembrance, and pleasant word of cheer. Thus we are constantly aided and sustained in our efforts to make the Lily better and better.

R. H. C. Murray—We are most happy to put you down in our list of life subscribers.

M. C. Frost—Mrs. Gage's story was finished in the extra number we issued on the 25th of December last. We regret that we have not a *single* copy of that No. to forward our friends who have lost their papers in the mail.

A man Lost.

Since whisky has become again so plenty, our orderly citizens have been severely imposed upon by the raving disorder of those who can but yield to temptation, and with too many it will be, "I have tasted again, I now drink till I die." Our police had to be reinforced, but what a moiety of good can they do us. Who can guard our children from the terrible profanity and vice that stalks unblushingly in our streets? What man is to protect woman, (that is man's phrase, we only borrow it now and will return it uninjured for *we* believe that every woman should be able, under divine power, to protect herself,) in the domicil of the drunkard, from the vortex of abuse and suffering and foul contagion that the fire-water carries there as the scene of the last and greatest power? Who is to protect the morals of our community? Who is to protect our liberties and our peace? Who is to protect the father and the son! None! We might have the power of prevention, but that of cure we have not.

During the late severe weather, one morning a man was found dead upon the snow in our vicinity. He had been drinking in town and started home, but was unable to proceed; so sinking upon the snow, in his intoxicated condition, he was frozen to death. Thus fell a victem to that "Opinion," that preaches *"place temptation in our way, that we may be free,"* not that angelic prayer, "lead us not into temptation."

☞ The Seneca Indians have a law to the effect that no treaty is valid without the consent of two-thirds of the mothers of the tribe.

Who could obtain a liquor license if two-thirds of the mothers among the whites had voices in legislation? In our opinion, nine-tenths of all the wives, the mothers and daughters of this whole nation would raise both hands to crush the liquor system to-morrow.

"I wish that women could vote on this Temperance question," said a friend to us, at the polls in Albany. Said two others, immediately, "I wish to God they could!"—So said three men in Albany on last election day, and so have said thousands of men throughout these United States. And such exclamations are pregnant with the deepest significance.—*Prohibitionist.*

And why shall she not? Why cannot woman, with her unfathomable interests in the public good, have her thoughts and will and wish represented by her own vote. How can the poor inebriated sot represent the wronged and suffering wife, who from nature's inheritance has a grand dowry of love and strength and power, and will, as well, also, as judgment, and thought, and activity, and holy purpose? Why shall she be left only the poor resource of petition? For even petitions, when they are from women, without the elective franchise to give them backbone, are of but little consequence. Witness the instance in 1850, if our memory serves us right, when a mammoth petition was forwarded from Rush county, praying our Indiana Legislature to enact a law to suppress the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, when, presto! a counter petition was sent up by the *voters* of that county, praying that the said petition have no influence, not only because the traffic was a *source of revenue to the State!* but also that the petitioners were WOMEN AND CHILDREN!! There shone man's chivalry, and openly there was tacitly expressed *all* the respect the mediocre man has for woman's opinion or wishes, as well as his *ability* to represent them. It is enough to tire woman's patience, when after all the dainty small talk about her power to guard the home circle, of her mighty influence in giving tone to society, and of her immeasurable *dilletanti* powers, she is thus brought suddenly down to a nonentity, as regards judgment and final power in the most sacred and vital of her interests.

When Judge Perkins gave his unique opinion that our prohibitory law was unconstitutional—that prohibition was incompatible with freedom, and yet regretted that the Legislature had not given us one that was practical; and our community, from order and peace, were suddenly submerged in brawling disorder, our ladies came to the sterling "resolve" that they "would no longer submit to the liquor encroachment;" and yet reasonable and proper as was such resolve, they have no power to bring this into practical effect. If Judge P's opinion did bring us an avalanche of vice and suffering, it had this one good effect of arousing our women to her true position, and to a knowledge of the puerile powers that are in reality hers, in this boasted land of the free and home of the brave; and how little her wishes are respected in either social or civil life. She has not even the respect paid her that the Seneca Indians have for the mothers in their tribe. Our women have thought, talked, and prayed, and each has had its good effect, but all are not equal to the good the votes of one fourth of their number would produce.

The remarks of the Albany gentlemen signally point to the aroused thought among men and women of intellectual wealth and influence.

Be not discouraged, then, though dark, heavy clouds are scattered here and there, the blue sky and the bright eastern and western horizons are clearing to our view, and the sophisticated reasoner or doubters of woman's practical humanity, will erewhile fall gradually into the ranks of those who are ashamed to shut themselves in, and woman out of the inalienable right of political privileges—of those who would blush to entertain the thought that woman could not use in a womanly manner every method to secure the spiritual, moral, intellectual, or political advancement of her family or her people.—For while woman has the peculiar faculty of arranging for the special benefit of home and family; her care and aptness at specialities would reach every case, and combined with man's power of generalities, would give us perfect human government.

The Cold and the Snow.

Are universal this winter. The old king of the seasons holds an unmitigated sway. He borrows few of Spring's blue skies or Summer's breezes or Autumn's misty days. Cold and snow, he gives us, and we are glad that such an old tyrant has not his throne without change and that he must resign when the sun looks straight at him with his clear and penetrating eye. Beneath this vast expanse of snow, snugly lay the bulb the root and the seeds, resting from the beautiful labors of spring and summer time. We will not complain that it is cold or that a mantle of snow lies in its spotless purity over the earth. We have nothing of which to complain, unless it is our sore tempers that have become so by our own ungainly cultivation. The seasons work together for our profit, our pleasure and our gain. Yet we fail sometimes to keep up the cheerful spirit that, "when it rains let it rain." We are always looking for something with which to be angry, and dont like to be told there is any good to be found. Our magnetism is not enough attractive to good. We must emulate the example of the Frost King these severe mornings and hang every object about with bright and beautiful adornings. We must not tolerate the ill and the bad, cast them out, but devote the mind to the beautiful and good.

For The Lily.

Dear Mrs. Birdsall:—The Lily comes at the commencement of the new year, heralding the progress of the cause of human rights, and at no time during its seven years existence, has it been more interesting to the honest seeker after truth than at the present time. I regret my inability to contribute a *mite* occasionally to its pages, but in this I am the only looser, as there is no lack of interesting contributors. I long since determined that it was best for women to labor in the cause each in their own way, as all cannot lecture—all cannot write on the subject, but if we can prove by actual experiment that we can succeed in any department of active life hitherto monopolized by man, we have *established a great fact.* With this view, all my energies have been devoted to the practice of the healing art, and I feel that I am *living* womens rights in the face of much opposition and prejudice, and often from those of our own sex, who have been so long dependant on men that they judge all women by themselves, and doubt the capacity of any, for a more enlarged sphere of action. Yet, by the eye of faith, through perseverance and toil success is visible, in the glimmerings of the future, Gods hand is guiding the work, and it must succeed, and it is ours in faith and patience, to bear cheerfully whatever conflicts may cross our pathway in our endeavours to hasten the day when woman shall fill the station assigned her by our common father, as the co-worker with man in all that is good and grand and noble. Last week Lucy Stone delivered three lectures here, her first, on "Woman's Rights," was by invitation of the Young Men's Literary Association. This is in itself a triumph, it being the first time a Lady has addressed the association. Her second subject was the "legal and political disabilities of women," third scriptural position, each branch of the subject she treated in the most able and eloquent manner, the noble truths she uttered in her quiet, dignified and unobtrusive way, carried conviction to the hearts of many who had hitherto treated the subject of human rights with contempt or ridicule, and I hazard nothing in saying that the three meetings in this city have done much good. The Press of the place speak highly of her lectures. The following short extract is from the Democratic paper:—"This is an able, clear-minded, eloquent and forcible lecturer, of modest and unpretending manner, and affords in herself the strongest evidence that her claims for the equality of the sexes are well founded, we consider her lectures the best that have ever been delivered here." The Editor further says: "There can be no doubt, but the present legal disabilities under which women labor, are an outrage on common sense, and a disgrace to the age." This is in effect, granting the whole question, and it is cheering to see so much liberality evinced by those who have hitherto been opposed to the movement, and as no truth is ever lost. I look with confidence for an increased interest in the cause of right in this part of the moral vineyard.

Yours for progress,

M. F. Thomas.

Fort Wayne, Feb. 1st, 1856.

For the Lily.

Dear Mary:—You ask me to write for your paper; can I leave my house-keeping; the head-work and hand-work; the baking, the washing, the ironing; and the *babies*, and sit down to play *literature*? Why, yes I will try, and the best can do no more. I know there is a common saying, that "a jack at all trades is good for nothing at any," and one tongue is enough for one woman," (alas, I have found it one too many sometimes,) but however this may be, I intend occasionally to relieve myself from home duties, by speaking to the public once in a while through your press; and had I a *dozen* tongues, and as many languages, I would use them all if possible, to advance the glorious sentiments promulged in your unique little paper. "Verily times is'nt as they used to was," Sister Mary, when our grand-mothers, after having washed the dishes and "done up the work," were obliged to take their knitting and walk half a mile to a neighbors, to while away an hour in idle chat. For now the housh-keeper, young or old, may take a pen, and with a clean frock on, no matter how coarse, and baby asleep, may sit down in our "best room" and through a nib of steel, (alas for the good old quill) talk to half the world, or as many as the "*newspaper*" reacher. Glorious time and a glorious tide this, which rolls in upon us the secret thoughts of so many minds, all within the compats of a single wet, smoking sheet. Thoughts too, burning for utterance, but which the giver would never have courage to send forth in any other form. Certainly to live thus, is like living a *real live life.* It makes you next-door neighbor to every body, it introduces you to all the various forms of life, it opens the secrets of hidden souls, and clasps heart to heart "as with hooks of steel."

The pen is fast taking the place of the sword. How the trembling cawardly ruffians in Congress quake before the non-resistant power of that intellectual giant, Horace Greely, whose only weapon of attack or defence is a simple goose-quill! Struck in the streets! 'Twas a monumental blow; one that will knock the recipient higher in the scale of public esteem than ever before. It is a blow that in its reaction will stun the giver, and send him further down in the pit of infamy than simple gravitation would ever have carried him. It was one of those *stirring* blows that the world sometimes needs to knock off the scales from its own eyes, and show it which is right and which is wrong. Well it is given; and Greely is only censured that he did not return it.—Thank heaven that he did not. Peace principles have for once been triumphant and the world's verdict is in their favor. Let them go on, for when military rule once ceases, then man will cease to rule woman, and women to rule one another—the Decalogue will have been meant for all, not for one sex alone, and "the lion and the lamb will lie down together, and a little child will lead them."

Yours, E.

A noble heart, like the sun, shows its brightest countenance in its lowest estate.

HARRIET N. TORREY.

We were especially pleased to learn, as we do, from the following notice in the Ogle county (Ill.) Reporter," that this lady is lecturing to the Illinois people. She must have a powerful heart and will and an undying interest in the good cause, to speak so well under such chilling influences. We are glad too that she enlightened that "dark" place somewhat.

Miss Torrey's Lecture on the subject of Woman's Rights, on Tuesday evening last, was well attended, and attentively listened to notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances under which it was delivered. This fact of itself was a commentary most strikingly favorable to the fair lecturer—For the room was as guiltless of a ray of warmth as the icy heart of avarice, and a few dim candles that burned, only served to throw a sickly twilight over the crowded house. The patience and attention of the audience under these disagreeable circumstances, can be attributed only to their anxiety to hear, for no rule of etiquette, for no rule of courtesy could require so many persons to sit in the dark until benummed with cold, if not entirely frozen.

In the immediate subject of the discourse we felt but little interest, for want, perhaps, of a thorough knowledge of woman's wrongs. But whatever its merits may be, it gave the fair lecturer an opportunity to utter some of the plainest and most practical truths that ever recommended themselves to the human understanding. It is at all events a delicate hinge on which to hang a few ponderous social deformities, and swing them to and fro, until they shall be corrected for very shame. Hence, we are glad to see the work go on, and even though woman shall fail to achieve the liberties which she deemps to be her right, we shall be greatly disappointed if both man and woman, the husband and the wife, the parent and the child, do not come to a knowledge of glaring social imperfections which they will at once recognize it as their duty to correct.

On Fretting.

"Fret not thyself," says the Psalmist. Mankind have a proneness to fret themselves. Their business does not prosper according to their expectations; customers do not pay promptly; competition is sharp; those in whom they have confided prove treacherous; malice and envy hurl their envenomed shafts; domestic affairs go contrariwise; the wicked seem to prosper, while the righteous are abased. In every lot there is ample material to make a god of, which may pierce and wrankle in our souls, if we are only so disposed.

Fretting is of the nature of certain diseases, assuming various types. Diseases is sometimes acute—coming on suddenly in the midst of health, and with but little premonition, raging violently through the system, causing fever and racking pains; soon reaching its crisis, and rapidly running its course, either to kill or to be cured. So with fretting. At times it overtakes the constitutionally and habitually patient and gentle. Strong provocation assails them unawares, throws them off their guard, upsets their equanimity, and causes an overflow of spleen that they did not know was in them to that degree. Even the gentle may thus have occasion to take heed to the injunction, "Fret not."

Diseases, however, often assume the chronic type, becoming embedded in the system, deranging its organs, interfering with the performance of the natural and healthful functions, and lingering year after year, like a vampire, to extract the vital juices. In like manner fretting becomes chronic. Peevishness, irritability, censoriousness, complaining, indulged in, assume a habit; gaining thereby strength and power, until the prevailing tempter is fretfulness. It argues a sadly diseased condition of the soul, when this distemper becomes one of its fixtures. To such an one everything goes wrong. The whole mechanism of society is thrown out of gear; instead of moving smoothly, as when lubricated by the oil of kindness and charity, its cogs clash, and its pivots all grate harshly.

Neither wealth nor birth, but mind only, should be the aristocracy of a free people.

LELIA:

A Story of Woman's Rights.

BY THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

"Lelia, my love, I have had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. Wright, your old beau, to-night,' said Willie Dawson, as he seated himself beside his young wife, drew her to his bosom, and placed upon her willing lips the seal of devoted, nndying love.

"Have you, Will!" eagerly replied Lelia; "and is he not going to call on us? is he not a fine looking"——

"One at a time, one at a time, you yankee; how the deuce do you suppose a fellows befogged brain is to answer so many questions? How eager you are—you suppose I cherish a little antipathy, no doubt: but I'll tell you, I think him one of Nature's noblemen, and the only wonder is, that I ever succeeded in winning my pet from the love of one so eminently qualified by nature to inspire the admiration of a true-hearted woman. Come, Lily, tell me how with all his wealth, talent and influence, you ever could have refused him and and accepted poor, plain me?" And a shade of sadness flitted athwart the features of Willie Dawson, as she spoke.

"'Twas only for love, dear," chimed in the bewitching voice of Lelia; "'twas only for love," and rising she pressed his noble brow hard against a too trustful heart, for where is the woman who does not trust too much?

"I know he loved me," she continued, "I know he is noble and good, if he is rather too highly tinctured with fanatical notions. He used to preach woman's rights to me till I was perfectly sick of it. I never should have been happy with him—his mind grasped too high and lofty sentiment, and often while listening to his high sounding arguments and finely spun thoughts, I have been reminded of that little step that separates the sublime from the ridiculous, and wondered if he had not taken it. His woman's rights notions, I *never could have tolerated them*—they are contrary to my religion; besides, his home is in the busy, bustling city, and I should have been like a bird pent up in a gilded cage. I'd have to let my spirit wings soar in vain attempts to fly away here among the green fields, the silvery streams, and towering rocks and cliffs, to build a sweet, secluded home with thee, my own husband, object of my first, girlish love!"

"Bless my treasure! May heaven discard me if ever if I cause you to regret your choice!" exclaimed Willie, as he drew his arms closer around the trusting, thoughtless girl who had given her happiness and a brilliant fortune, into his care and keeping. "If were a boon worth preserving surely," and as he felt how entirely his happiness depended on her love, he continued:

"True it is, Lily, the efforts of the Woman's Rights party are totally uncalled for. What more elevated sphere could woman wish than that which she now occupies? She is looked to as our pattern of perfection—respected, loved, I might say worshipped, idolized, as the Alpha and Omega of man's happiness on earth. As for power, she has an all-potent lever imbedded in her own bosom more powerful than that with which Archimedes would upturn the world? Love has but to command, and nation's quake. Yes, darling, woman's all trusting, self-forgetting love constitutes the spiritual essence of the universe—the power behind the throne—greater than the throne itself—she has but to wield this magic wand, and man's proud nature humbly kneels a willing slave. O, sweet tyranny—how I hug it to my bo—"

"Hold, Will; in pity stop; I m growing faint with your rhapsodies on the power of woman's love. Let us hear something of man's love, and of the wonders it could accomplish."

"Be patient, Lily, I haven't come to that part yet. Put your finger on your lip till I proceed.—As to the property question, she holds her own property unless she has a husband, and then the husband only manages it for her. It is for you Lily, that I work; it is for your sake that I seek to make the property you gave me rise in value—that I adorn and beautify this little paradise of ours, and make it still more lovely in your eyes, and I would stand between you and a cold, calculating, schemeing world. How beautiful is the trusting dependence of womanhood upon the sterner and stouter hearts of man, and it is this dependence on us, dear one, that cultivates in man that proud and high sense of honor that would protect woman, because she is *woman*, always and everywhere. 'What is yours is mine, and what is mine is yours, that is my motto."

"And mine, too; so good bye, Mr. Wright, Woman's Rights, and wrongs too; I have all the rights I want;" and she gave her husband a slight tap on the cheek, and a kiss to cure it, then tripped away with a merry, ringing laugh, and soon returned with a basket of fruit and nuts, over which they chatted and smiled away the evening, secure each in the other's trusting confidence—fearing no ill, and yet the spoiler may even now be knocking at the door.

Next morning Willie told his wife he must fetch a load of wood, and at ten he would be ready to give her the promised ride around the farm.

Lelia seated herself with her needle-work at the window, and watched her husband until he was hidden by a clump of trees half a mile distant. It was a lovely day in the beginning of autumn; the golden sunbeams seemed to play hide-and-go-seek with the beautiful cottage of the happy pair with whom we have become so deeply interested, as they flitted now behind the fleecy clouds that floated in magnificent disorder in the blue ether far above, then poured their full refulgence, unobscured, on the lovely landscape below; on the back ground the dark, threatening cliffs loomed their rocky tops higher and higher, seeming to touch the heavens in the distance, while far away as the eye could reach, lay the wide-spread prairie, dotted here and there with neat little cottages, shrubbery, and flowers blending their beauty and sweetness with the scene.

Our heroine sat musing over the past, the present and the future. "O, how lovely and beautiful do all things appear! The very air seems purer and softer, inspiring high and holy thoughts, and prompting erring human hearts to nobler deeds.—O, if it were not for thoughts of the sufferings of millions of earth-crushed and down-trodden children, the disc of our happiness would stand without a blemish! Why has not God conferred upon all his people blessings alike? If all had homes sweet as paradise, like ours, would not the big heart of humanity heave and well with deepest emotions of gratitude for the blessings of existence? Ah! me, my poor father worked hard for this property, and now I am left *alone*—neither a brother nor a sister—left alone—no, not all alone, but with one of the best of husbands. How I do love to see Willie at work on the farm; and how nicely he has fitted up this house and these grounds to please me! True he was poor, but how richly he has rewarded me for all I gave him." A vague thought of the last night's conversation glanced across her mind, but was dismissed as soon.

"Half-past nine—another half hour and he will be here." She was starled from her reverie by a crashing noise, and looking forth, what did she see? Those beautiful steeds she so much admired, dashing by at a furious rate, over logs and fences; on and on they went, frantic with fright, as the falling timbers rolled from the wagon, and boards and splinters flew in every direction, as in their maddened speed they dashed on, rending the vehicle to flinders.

"They have ran away!" she cried in agony, "and where is Willie?" Ah! moment of terror! With a smothered groan of deep despair she hastened to the wood! Oh, how strained her anxious eyes in the distance, and everywhere for the bruised form of her husband. On, on she hastened, every step seemed a mile. A huge log of wood was before her—on she ran. O horror of horrors, and woe of woes, for the heart of a loving wife to behold a scene like this!

"God of mercy! help me; oh, help me now!" she ejaculated, as with the fancied strength of a giant she succeeded in rolling the heavy timber from off the bruised form before her. But it was too late—too late! "Oh! Willie, Willie, my husband, speak butone more word," she cried, as seated on the ground she held his head in her lap, and wiped the red blood blood from his forehead and temples. But Willie Dawson spoke not—cold and lifeless his form stiffened in death; and to her passionate embrace, her kiss of agony on his lips and cheeks and brow, there came to her no loved recognition.

"Oh! Heavenly Father! is he indeed dead?" she agonizingly shrieked. As the dread truth fastened itself on her mind, she threw her arms around him, and buried her face in her bosom and sobbed aloud.

"God of mercy, take me now; this cup is too full—'tis more than I can bear!"

Some neighbors who had beheld the frightened horses came to her assistance; and Lelia, at noonday, sat pale and desolate beside the form of her dead husband in the same parlor, where the evening before she had passed the hours so pleasantly. There upon the wall hung his picture. She would gaze upon it, then upon the rigid features before her, and pray for death. She thought not of the future nor of the past, but of the awful wretchedness of now. Ever and anon she would raise her listless eyes, and mutter incoherently, sometimes in rhyme, her appeal to God for immediate death:

But nature has decreed that we cannot always die when we wish. We must live in our sorrows—alas! we cannot shut our eyes and cover our ears, and lie down and forget our griefs, but must live in and through them.

[Conclusion next week.]

Developement of the Lungs.---Much has been said and written upon diet, eating and drinking; but I do not recollect ever noticing a remark in any writer upon breathing or the manner of breathing. Multitudes, and especially ladies in easy circumstances, contract a mode of breathing. They suppress their breathing, and contract the habit of short quick breathing, not carrying half way down the chest, and scarcely expanding the lower portions of the chest at all. Lacing the bottom of the chest greatly increasese this evil, and confirms a bad habit of breathing. Children that move about a good deal in the open air, and are in no was laced, breathe deep and full to the chest, and every part of it. So also with most out-door laborers and persons who take a great deal of exercise in the open air, because the lungs give us the power of action; and the more exercise we take, especially out of doors, the larger the lungs become, and the less liable to disease. In all occupations that require standing, keep the body straight. If at a table, let it be high and raised up nearly to the armpits, so as not to require you to stoop; you will find the employment much easier, not one-half so fatiguing, whilst the form of the chest and symmetry of the figure will remain perfect. You have noticed the fact that a very many tall ladies stoop, whilst a great many short ones are straight. This arises, I think, from the table at which they set to work or study being their medium heighth--far too low for a tall person, and about right for a short person. This should be carefully corrected and regarded; so that each lady may occupy herself at a table suited to her height, and thus prevent the possibility or the necessity of stooping.---*Dr. Fitch.*

Gravity vs. Folly.—It was a saying of Paley's that he who is not a fool half the time, is a fool all the time. Robert Hall, who held a similar opinion, on being reproached by a very dull preacher with the exclamation:

"How can a man who preaches like you, talk in so trifling a manner?" replied:

"There, brother, is the difference between us; you talk your nonsense in the pulpit—I talk mine out of it."

The eminent Dr. South being in the midst of a frolic on one occasion, and seeing a dignified acquaintance approaching, exclaimed:

"Stop! we must be grave now; there is a fool coming?"

Woman's Rights.

Gerrit Smith recently addressed a letter to Mrs. Elizabeth C. Stanton in which he expressed his doubts, whether woman is yet sufficiently self-reliant to emancipate herself from her present dependency and bondage. He thinks those who the lead in the reform have not adopted the right methods to secure success. Especially he insists that woman's present dress is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of her success.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage, of St. Louis has replied very ably to Mr. Smith's article, as has also the Lady to whom the letter was addressed. We have room only for Mrs. Stanton's letter to Gerrit Smith, which is from Fred Douglass' Paper:

"SENECA FALLS, Dec. 21.

"GERRIT SMITH—Dear Friend :—Your letter on the "Woman's Rights' Movement" I have thoroughly read and considered. I thank you in the name of woman for having said what you have on so many vital points. You have spoken well for a man whose convictions on this subject are the result of reason and observation, but they alone whose souls are fired through personal experience and suffering can set forth the heighth and depth, the source and centre of the degradation of woman; they alone can feel a steadfast faith in their own native energy and power, accomplish a final triumph over all adverse surroundings, and a complete success. You say you have but little faith in this reform, because the changes we purpose are so great, so radiant, so comprehensive, whilst they who have commenced the work are so puny, feeble, and undeveloped. The mass of women are developed at least to the point of discontent, and that, in the dawn of this nation was considered a most dangerous point in the British Parliament, and is now deemed equally so on a Southern plantation. In the human soul, the steps betwen discontent and action are few and short indeed. You who suppose the mass of women contented, know but little of the silent indignation, the deep and settled disgust with which she contemplates our present social arrangements. You claim to believe that every sense, thought and feeling, man and woman are the same. Well, new, suppose yourself a woman. You are educated up to that point where one feels a deep interest in the welfare of her country, and in all the great questions of the day, in both Church and State; yet you have no voice in either. Little men with little brains, may pour forth their little sentiment by the hour in the forum and the sacred desk, but public sentiment and the religion of our day, teaches us that silence is most becoming in woman. So to solitude you betake yourself, and read for your consolation the thoughts of dead men; but from the Bible down to Mother Goose's Melodies, how much complacency, think would you feel in your womanhood. The philosopher, the poet, and the saint, all combined to make the name woman synonomous with either fool or devil. Every passion of the human soul, which in manhood burns so grand and glorious in its results, is fatal to womankind. Ambition makes a Lady Macbeth, love an Ophelia; none but these brainless things, without will or passion, are ever permitted to come to a good end. What measure of content could you draw from the literature of the past?

"Again, suppose yourself the wife of a confirmed drunkard. You behold your earthly happiness all passing away; your heart is made desolate; it has ceased to pulsate with either love, or hope, or joy. Your house is sold over your head, and with it every article of comfort and decency; your children gather round you one by one, each new comer clothed in rags and covered with shame, is it with gladness you welcome the embrace of that beastly husband, feel his fevered breath upon your cheek, and inhale the disgusting odor of his tobacco and rum? Would not your whole soul revolt from such an union! So do the forty thousand drunkards' wives now in this State. They, too, are all discontented, and but for pressure of law and gospel, would sunder all these unholy ties. I might take you through many, many phases of a woman's life, into those sacred relations of which we speak not in our conventions, where women feels her deepest wrongs, where in blank despair she drags days, and months, and years of silent agony. I might paint pictures of real life so vived as to force from you an agonized exclamation. How can women endure such things! We have spoken out, have declared our rights, political and civil; but the entire revolution about to dawn upon us by the acknowledgement of woman's social equality has been seen and feltbut by the few. The rights to vote, to hold property, to speak in public are all important; but there are great social rights, before which all others sink into utter insignificance.—The cause of woman is, as you admit, a burden, and a deeper one than any with which you compare it; and this to me is the very reason why it must succeed. It is not a question of meats and drinks, of money and lands, but of human rights, the sacred rights of a woman to her own person, to all her God-given powers of body and soul.—Did it ever enter into the mind of man, that woman too had an inalienable right to life, liberty, and pursuits of her individual happiness? Did he ever take in the idea that to the mother of the race, and the mother alone, belong the right to say when a new being should be brought into the world. Has he, in the gratification of his blind passions, ever paused to think whether it was with joy and gladness that she gave up ten or twenty years of the heyday of her existance to all the cares and sufferings of excessive maternity.—Our present laws, our religious teachings, our social customs in reference to the whole question of marriage and divorce are most degrading to woman; and so long as man continues to think and write, to speak and act, as if maternity was the one and sole object of a woman's existence—so long as children are conceived in weariness and disgust—you must not look for high-toned men and women capable of accomplishing any great and noble achievement. But when women shall stand on an even pedestal with man, when they shall be bound together, not by those withes of law and gospel, but in holy unity and love, then and not till then shall all our efforts as minor reforms be crowned with complete success. Here, in my opinion, is the starting point; here the battle ground where our independence must be fought and won. A true marriage relation has far more to do with the elevation of woman than the style and cut of her dress. Dress is a matter of taste, of fashion, it is changeable, trancient, and may be doffed or trimmed at the will of the individmal; but institutions supported by laws can be overturned but by revolution. We have no reason to hope, that pantaloons would do more for us than they have done for man himself The negro slave enjoys the most unlimited freedom in his attire, not surpassed even by the fashions of Eden in its palmiest days; yet in spite of his dress and manhood, too, he is a slave still. Was the old Roman in his toga less of a man than he now is in swallow tail and tights! Did the flowing robes of Christ himself render his life less grand and beautiful! In regard to dress, where you clain to be so radical, you are far from consistent.

Depend upon it, when men and women in their every day life see and think less of sex and more of mind, we shall all lead far purer and higher lives. Your letter, my noble cousin, must have been written in a most desponding mood, as all the great reforms of the day seem to you on the verge of failure. What are the experiences of days, and months, and years, in the lifetime of a nation! Can one man in his brief hour hope to see the beginning and end of any reform!

"When you compare the public sentiment and social customs of our day with what they were fifty years ago, how can you despair of the temperance cause! With a Maine law, and divorce for drunkenness, the rumseller and drunkand must soon come to terms. Let woman's motto be 'No union with drunkards,' and she will soon bring this long and well fought battle to a triumphant close.

"Neither should you despair of the anti-slavery cause; for with its martyrs, its runaway slaves, its legal decision in almost every paper you take up, the topic of debate in our national councils, our political meetings, and our literature, as if the nation were all alive, on this question. True, four millions of slaves grieve in their chains still, but every man in this nation has a higher idea of individual rights than he had twenty years ago. As to the cause of woman, I see no signs of failure.—We already have a property law, which reconizes her to be a livng, breathing woman—a wife a property holder, who can make a contract, buy and sell. In a few years we shall see how well it works.

"It needs but little forethought to perceive that in due time these large property holders must be represented in the government, and when the mass of women see that there is some hope of becoming voters and law-makers, they will take to their rights as naturally as the negro to his heels when he is sure of success. Their present seeming content is very much like Sambo's on the plantation. If you truly believe that man is woman, and woman is man; if you believe that all the burning indignation that fires your soul at the sight of injustice and oppression, if suffered in your own person, would nerve you to a life-long struggle for liberty and independance, then know that what you feel, I feel too, and what I feel, the mass of women feel also. Judge by yourself, then how long the women of this nation will consent to be deprived of their social, civil and political rights; but talk not to us of failure. Talk not to us of chivalry, that died long ago. Where do you see it? No gallant knight presents himself at the bar of justice to pay the penalty of our crimes. We suffer it in our own persons, on the gallows and in prison walls. From Blackstone down to Kent, there is no display of gallantry in your written codes. In social life, true, a man in love will jump to pick up a glove or boquet for a silly girl of sixteen, whilst at home, he will permit his aged mother to carry pails of water and arm-full of wood, or his wife to tug a twenty pound babe, hour after hour without ever offering to relieve her. I have seen a great many men priding themselves on their wood breeding—the gentleman, born and educated, who never manifested one iota of spontaneous gallantry towards the woman of their own household. Divines may preach thanksgiving sermons in the poetry of the arm-chair and the cradle; but when they lay down newspapers, or leave their beds a cold night to relieve the wants of either, I shall begin to look for the golden age of chivalry once more. If a short dress is to make the men less gallant than they are, I beg the women at our next convention to add at least two yards more to every skirt they wear. And you mock us with dependence too. Do not the majority of women in euery town support themselves, and very many their husbands too? What father of a family, at the loss of his wife, has ever been able to meet his responsibilities as woman has done? When the mother dies, the house is made desolate, the children are forsaken—scattered to the four winds of heaven—to the care of any one who choses to take them. Go to those aged widows who have reared large families of children, unaided and alone who have kept them all together under one roof, watched and nursed them in health and sickness through all their infant years, clothed and educated them, and made them all respectable men and women, ask them on whom they depended. They will tell you on their own hands and on that never dying—never failing love that a mother's heart alone can know. It is into hands like these—to those who have calmly met the terrible emergencies of life—who, without the inspiration of glory or fame, or applause, through long years have faithfully and bravely performed their work self-sustained and cheered that we commit our cause. We need not wait for one more generation to pass away, to find a race of women worthy to assert the humanity of woman, and that is all we claim to do.

Affectionately yours,
E. C. STANTON.

☞ A home should be a healthy, an airy, a flowery, a neat, a sweet, a happy place. That is the place for happiness, if it ever occurred on earth. Such a home is not near so expensive as the opposite. It will perpetuate health, life, order taste, virtue, morailty and affection. It will increase the love of home, improve conversation and sociability, stimulate the mind, beget a taste for books and nature—it will make good fathers, kind mothers, obedient children, and worthy citizens.

Good Work for Girls.

The following are passages from a new work by Mr. Weaver, "Aims and Aids for Girls and young Women;" on the varoius Duties of Life. Fowler & Wells. Price 87cts.

The Unwise Separation of the Sexes.

"It is a well settled conviction of my mind that society separates too much its male and female youths. In our schools our boys and girls are separated. Almost the entire course of education is pursued in sexual isolation. The girls are taught that it is not pretty to be with the boys, and the boys that it is not manly to be with the girls; and yet both are anxious for each other's society. In this unnatural and unhappy state their imaginations are felt to fill up the void made by the separation. Imagination seldom does such work well. I believe it is the grand corrupter of youth. The brother and sister should grow up together in the same family, be educated at the same school, engage in the same sports, and, so far as practical, in the labors. Their joys and sorrows, tastes and aims, should be mutual so far as possible. The same moral lessons, the same moral obligations and duties should bear upon them. The moral standard for the girl should be the moral standard for the boy, and he should be made to feel that the moment he falls below it he is unworthy, and must not expect her confidence and society. It is a sad error that the youths of our towns and country are separated in so many of the most important duties of life. They are permitted to come together only for sport and nonsense.—Their study and work are separate. Hence the good influence which they ought to have upon each other is in a great measure lost. They are unacquainted with each other. They know not each other's natures. They have but little interest in each other's business and duties. They meet only to cajole and deceived each other. They wear masks in each other's presence. For this state of things no one in particular is to blame, but every one in general. It is the fault of society.

Fashionable Women.

"Fashion kills more women than toil or sorrow. Obedience to Fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and moral constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave-woman at her tasks will live and grow old and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. The washwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all die around her.—The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that Fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the great ends of human life.—They have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life; they accomplish no worthy ends. They are only doll-forms in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody; they instruct nobody; they bless nobody. They write no books; they set no rich examples of virtue and womanly life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do it all, save to conceive and give them birth. When reared what are they? What do they ever amount to, but weaken scions of the old stock! Whe ever heard of a fsshionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue or power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. The nealy all sprung from plain, stong-minded women, who had about as little to do with Fashion as with the changing clouds."

Employmont and Opportunity.

"I would have every boy and girl in the whole country taught to make their own living at some useful Employment; to mark out for themselves a sphere of action and then fill that sphere; to be useful in some honorable pursuit. I would not put the boys to trades and professions to make them great and good, and fold up the girls' hands and lay them away in the drawer or shut them up in the parlor. I would not make the boys self-reliant and vigorous by generous Employment, and the girls weak, puny and dependent by idleness or folly. I would not give the boys opportunities to develope their powers and become noble men, and deprive the girls of all these glorious privileges. I would not open a thousand avenues to distinction, wealth, and worth to the boys, and comparatively none to the girls. I would not send the boys out into the field of life bravely to earn their own living, and grow strong in doing it, and the girls out to beg their living of the boys, and grow weak and worthless in their dependent beggary. I like the girls too well to have them thus mistreated. I would give them just as good a chance as the boys have. They should not be degraded with half pay, and only two or three ways to get a living, just because they were made to be women."

From the Warren Republican.

Training the Infant Mind.

It is highly important that good principles should be inculcated, not only in youth but in infancy, for the mind of a child begins to expand at an early season.

It is impossible for the mind to lay dormant; it was made for action; consequently it cannot remain long unemployed, especially during the sprightly season of infancy and youth—then is the time for laying the foundation for future usefulness; while the mind is young and placid, and as it expands and puts forth its tendrils, it is *then*, that the Parent should support and instruct it in those principles of virtue and integrity, that will ever be a shield and staff in future life.

And this training devolves more particularly upon the mother, as she is the natural guardian and instructor of the Infant mind.

Few mothers are aware of the great influence they can exert over their children—they can mold them almost as they choose.

The future character of a child, said Napoleon, "is always the work of its mother," and he delighted in recollecting that to his mother did he owe much of the greatness of mind (which probably grasped at too much) but which afterwards enenabled him to bear years of privation and exile, with fortitude and dignity.

Principles that are formed in youth are apt to be lasting, and will therefore have a bearing upon the character at a more mature age.

They should be taught to regard the truth in all things, to be honest in all their little dealings, and to render prompt obedience to all your commands—above all *things* they should be taught the habit of industry; for idleness is enough to spoil a natural good child. The mother should also be very careful in regard to their children's associates, they had better be entirely without company, than to have bad; for they will, by associating with such assimilate and become like them. The mother cannot be too careful in this respect. It may not be very pleasant to them to be thus guarded while young; but when they have advanced in years, how pleasing will the recollection be, to look back upon youthful days well spent; and how their hearts will glow with thankfulness to that Parent who has thus cared for them,—and through all the vicissitudes of after life, her teachings will be like an inward fountain from which they can draw rich supplies—and they will ever have cause to bless her name.

LAURA.

Life.—What is life? It is a vapor, that appeareth for a life time, and then vanisheth away.—*James* ix, 14.

The flying cloud, the evanescent vapor, the arrows just propelled from the string, the wintry grass, the flower whose beauty scarcely blooms ere it is faded, and whose fragrance is scarcely perceptible ere it is gone—are apt similitudes of the life of man.—*Dr. Spring.*

He lives long that lives well; and time misspent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than his promise, and gives him a free hold on a better value.—*Fuller.*

From Life Illustrated.

Asso iated Towns.

The Hutchinson Brothers are going to settle in Minnesota after their long rambles. They, in company with other gentlemen of kindred spirit, have purchased a tract of land on one of the forks of the Crow River, and there they have already founded the town of 'Hutchinson.' The town is to be built and governed partly on the associative principle; that is, some of the buildings are to be owned and used in common, such as the Town Hall or Assembly rooms, the Library, Reading Room, and others. Mr. Judson Hutchison, with his usual liberality, has presented a fine piano for the Musical Hall.

The town, of course, will be *liberal.* No sectarianism, no bigotry, no presecution for opinion's sake, no hindrance to free thinking and free spaeking. The schools are to be conducted on the Union system. No intoxicating liquors will be permitted to be sold in the town unless as medicine.

We perceive with pleasure that the practice of making settlements in companies of congenial spirits is becoming very common in the great West. The plan has many obvious advantages, the chief of which is this, that it spares the imigrant the pangs of home-sickness. He takes a home with him; for what is home if it be not the place where they live with whom our hearts and minds are in accord? A solitary emigrant family journeying slowly to a distant home, leaving behind them all they love, is a melancholy sight. But a party of kindred spirits, going forth together to help one another conquer a new home, cheering each other on the way, ministering to one another in sickness, and rallying to each other in danger, is a cheering spectacle. We hope to hear of more 'Associated Towns.'

An Impertinent Question.—It is often asked by men, "Where are your Raphails, your Titians, your Shakspeares among women?" We would suggest, with due respect, that there have never been more than one Raphails, one Titian, one Shakspeare, among the hosts of male intellects, and that at a time when women were not, as now given attainments that may yet rank them among the proudest of those master minds. The world is young; there is time enough yet; woman is now regarded as a pet, a toy, a creature to derss, and lavish caresses upon; if she have no knowledge deeper than the mysteries of the toilet, she is despised, her children pitied, and her husband's lot commiserated.

Still you may keep on with your sneers, gallant gentlemen, they are often beneficial; Raphaels are sometimes born of sneers. There is nothing like comtempt, to rouse genius; it is as dry wood to the dull flame; the more you throw on, the brighter it will blaze.

Shut the Mouth in Cold Weather.

In the Journal of Health, Dr. Hall advises every person who goes out into the open air from a warm apartment to keep the mouth shut, while walking or riding. He says:

"Before you leave the room bundle up well—gloves cloak, comforter—shut your mouth before you open the street door, and keep it resolutely closed until you have walked briskly for some ten minutes; then, if you keep on walking, or have reached your home, you may talk as much as you please. Not so doing, many a heart once happy and young now lies in the church-yard, that might have been young and happy still. But how? If you keep your mouth closed and walk rapidly, the air can only reach the lungs by a circuit of the nose and head, and becomes warmed before reaching the lungs, thus causing no derangement; but if you converse, large drafts of cold air dash directly in upon the lungs, chilling the whole frame almost inmost instantly. The brisk walking throws the blood to the surface of the body, thus keeping up a vigorous circulation, making a cold impossible, if you don't get into a cold bed too quick after you get home. Neglect of these brings sickness and premature death to multitudes every year."